

Timpanogos

The Chief had a young daughter, who was very beautiful. She was of age to be chosen. All the young girls of the tribe were blind-folded and given an opportunity to choose a pebble from a pottery dish. The young princess, Utahna, chose the black one. It was her fate to go upon the mountain.

All the tribesmen were sad and they wanted someone else to go instead. But she bade her friends good-bye and ascended the mountain, winding her way toward the highest peak.

Then she reached the top she knelt in prayer, begging for rain, she held her arms out stretched. A young brave had seen her and followed her.

"Please do not jump," he said.

She thought he was the Great God Timpanogos. He lead her to a cave. Here they lived, because they had fallen in love.

One day he was attacked by a bear and injured. Because he was hurt, she knew he wasn't the Great God Timpanogos. She cared for him until he got well. Then she left one morning very early to ascend the mountain.

When the sun was up, she reached her arms out and leaped to the crags below. The young warrior gathered her broken body in his arms and carried her to the cave. Here the two hearts were made into one, as we can see the Great Heart of Timpanogos.

Legend - "Sleeping Lady"

TIMPANOGOS

Proud Timpanogos kissing the sky
Changing in beauty as the seasons roll by.
In winter gowned in a robe of snowy white
You are nature's most glorious sight.
In spring the birds about you gayly sing,
Your dashing waterfalls make the air with music ring.
In summer touched by the sun's setting ray
You fill the earth with beauty gay
In autumn Jack Frost lends a hand
To make you the greatest masterpiece in all the land.

Original Poems
Louise Rohbock
Spencer School
Fourth Grade

TIMPANOGOS

*How beautiful is the break of day,
When sun's first rays appear
To cap Mount Timpanogos
As she lies serene and clear.*

*A symbol of the valley
An attraction in her own right,
The first to charm the visitor,
From dawn to dusk of night.*

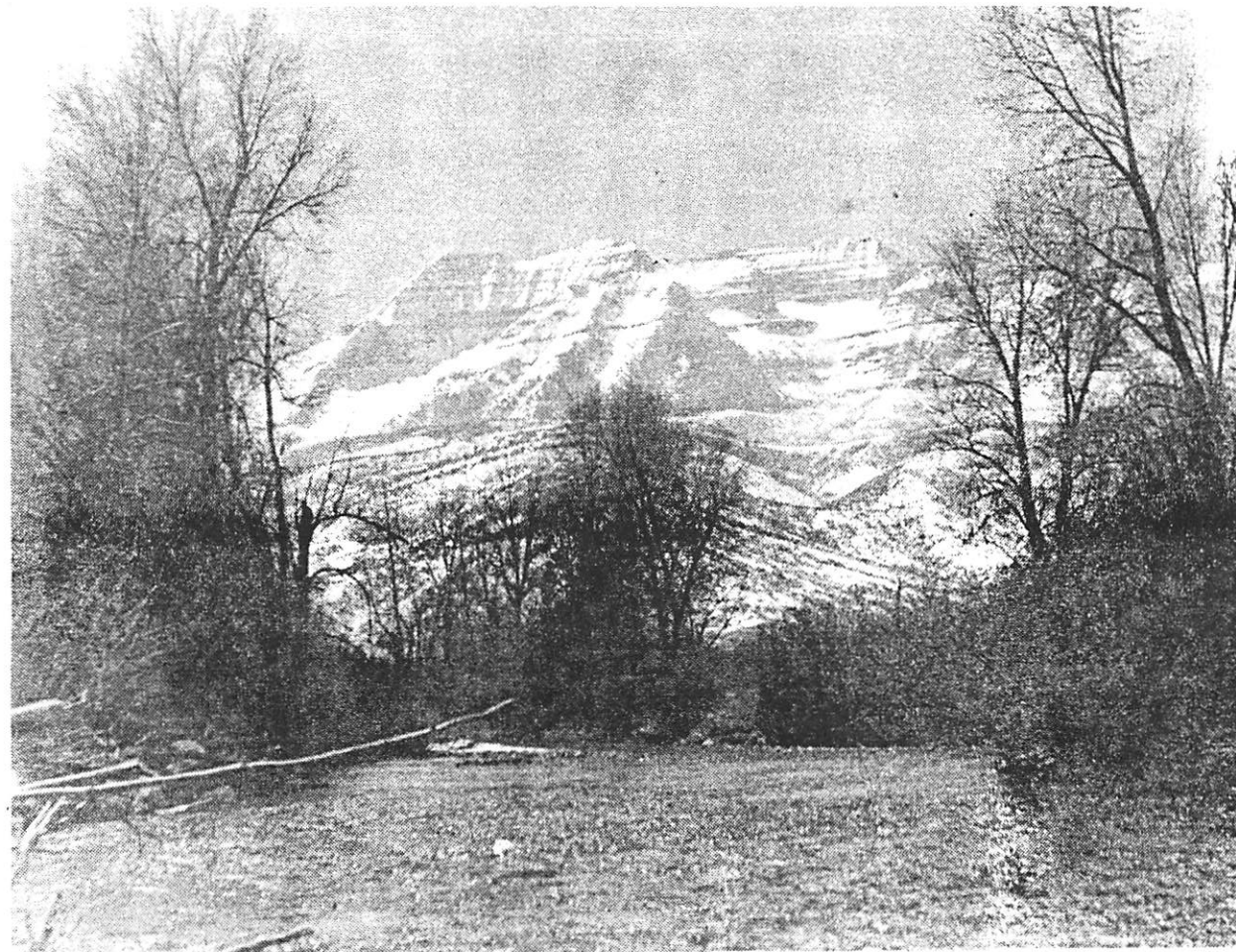
*In springtime she is elegant.
Bathed by the winter snow
Her gown is green and azure blue,
Edged by the lake below.*

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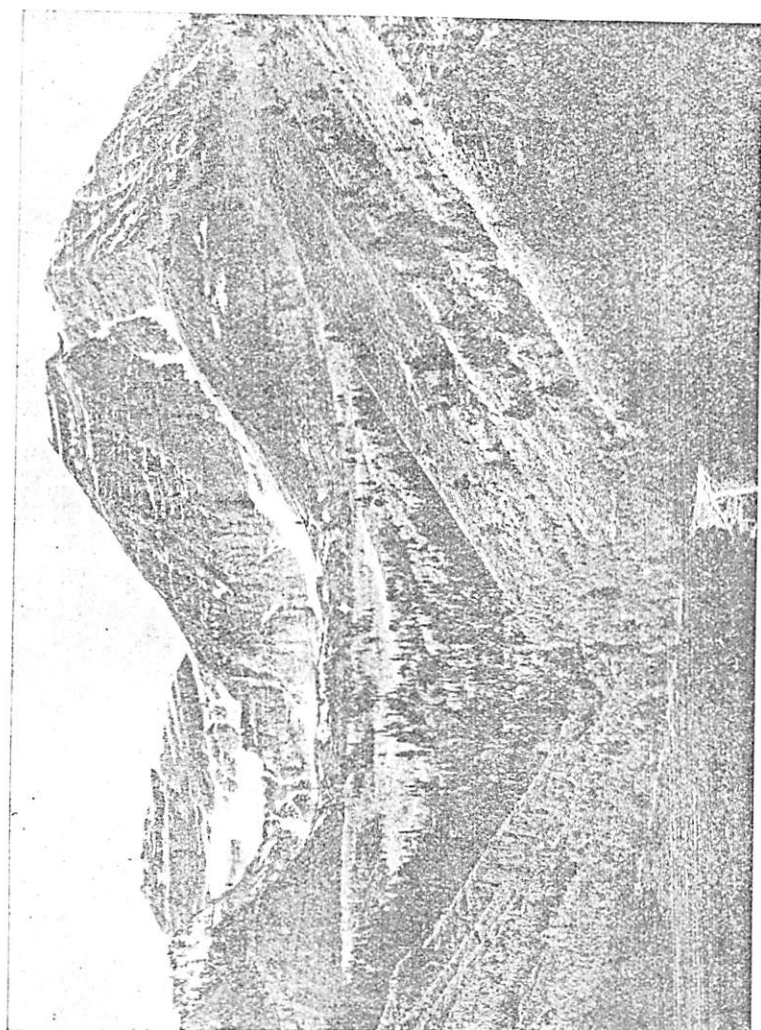
*How vane she is in autumn,
When she captures the artist bold
Who paints her regal beauty
In gown of vivid gold*

*Her beauty excels in winter,
Her name could be purity.
Attired now in robes of white,
She reigns in serenity.*

By Orel Kuhni



Melting snow in the mountains means springtime run-off in the local rivers.



TIMPANOGOS MOUNTAIN

*Utah. By Alter
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